casioned. Fortunately the autobiography gives some glimpses and preserves a few traces of the cheerfulness and the geniality that pervaded his private life, so beautiful in its simplicity, so charming in its happy blending of grave with gay, of high endeavor with philosophical contentment.

He seemed to be more rather than less cheerful as he Beared "the shadow feared of man." Soon after his return from the South, in the middle of April, 1906, he wrote in a letter to an intimate friend, eagerly inquiring about prospeets in the Philippine matter: " I returned from the South last Saturday, having so far escaped the bronchial troubles which used to afflict me about this season, and save old age, have little to complain of," Not many days later symptoms appeared which soon became very serious. As the disease developed he was able to read in the distressed faces of his children that his condition was hopeless. He accepted his fate with resignation; gave some instructions about his abruptly ended work; and said that his only deep regret was that he must leave his memoirs unfinished. When bidding farewell to those about him, he sought to comfort them with the assurance, *ff E$ ist so einfacJi %u sterben"*—it is so simple to die. The end came in the early morning of May 14, 1906.